# The Swearer Reform'd;

OR, THE

# Blaſphemer Strangly Converted:

Being the Penitent Confeſſion of *James Whitſoncraft* of *Clarkenwel, London*; who having been a notorious Swearer and lew'd Liver, fell in a Trance for ſeveral Hours, on the 2d of *July* 1701, where he ſaw Hell's Terror, and Heaven's Glory; whereby he is become a real Convert, and Religious Perſon.

To the Tune of, the *Oxfordſhire Lady.*

A wicked Creature I have been,
The like was ſcarcely ever ſeen:
In Ludeneſs was my chief Delight,
To Swear and Curſs both day and night.

I never did for many years,
E're go to Church, or ſay my Prayers;
But on that bleſſed Sabath Day,
I Whor'd and Drunk my time away.

Thus ſtriving to exceed in Vice,
I other young Men did intice,
To be as bad, as bad could be;
In helliſh Oathes and Villany.

To Luſt I was ſo much inclin'd,
No modeſt Thoughts came in my mind:
A Virgin once I did betray,
And ſtole her Maiden-head away.

An honeſt Woman I did Wed,
But I defil'd her marriage Bed;
My wicked Life did end her Days,
Becauſe ſhe then abhor'd my ways.

I did committ the worſt of Sin,
Which I with Pleaſure, wallowed in;
And acted many horrid Crime,
Before I ſerv'd out half my time.

Nay to compleat my dreadful Curſe,
E'ry day, grew worſe and worſe;
Untill the Lord to me did ſhow,
A ſight of Hell, and diſmal Woe.

Which ſtrangly thus was brought to paſs,
My roving Eyes eſpi'd a Laſs;
Of whom I wiſh'd I had my Will,
My Luſtful Pleaſures, to fullfil.

Theſe lawleſs Thoughts, were hardly ſpent,
Before a Trembling ſtrange was ſent;
Which on my body did advance,
And threw me in a diſmal Trance.

When Hell and Heaven I did ſee,
My Sins were all made plain to me;
Strange Books were open'd where I ſaw,
My ſelf quite caſt, by Heavens Law.

I was found Guilty three times o'r,
God's mercy then I did implore;
And on conditions, did obtain,
To come into the World again.

But if my Sins did not forſake,
My portion was the burning Lake:
On theſe conditions I got free,
Methoughts, from endleſs Miſery.

Now am I bound to ſerve the Lord,
Who ſuch a mercy did afford;
Or elſe I had been plung'd to Hell,
Where Swearers and Blaſphemers dwell.

My lewd Companions all do fear,
And are Reform'd from what they were;
Now heartily for mercy cry,
And all repent as well as I.

I am reſolv'd to Swear no more,
Nor Curſe, or Damn, as heretofore:
Tho I ſuch mercy did obtain,
None knows when 'twill be ſo again,

Then let all Swearers warning take,
And tremble at the Oathes they ſpeak;
Leaſt God's juſt vengeance then doth come,
And plunge them in Eternal Doom.

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